

"16 On Death Row" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness  
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness  
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?  
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich  
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped  
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back  
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it  
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it  
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me  
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me  
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash  
Whip out the 9, now [?] pump your ass  
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk  
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk  
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice  
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites  
I listened to his screams, until he went insane  
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain  
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen  
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend  
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers  
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me  
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family  
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that  
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back  
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger  
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger  
The brother in my cell is 16 as well  
It's hard to adapt when you're black  
And you're trapped in a living hell  
I shouldn't have let him catch me  
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy  
And my cellmate's raped on the norm  
And passed around the dorm  
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn  
They made me an animal, can't sleep

Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals  
And that's how it is in the pen  
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend  
My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me  
Prepare any day for me (Why?)  
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler  
To the death I take the breath from your jugular  
The trick is to never lose hope  
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

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Dear mama, they sentenced me to death  
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath  
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen  
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16  
I got beef with a sick society  
That doesn't give a shit  
And they too quick to say goodbye to me  
They tell me the preacher's there for me  
He's a crook with a book  
That mothafucka never cared for me  
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God  
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor  
And how can these people judge me?  
They ain't my peers, and in all these years  
They ain't never love me  
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan  
To keep a nigga in the state pen  
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas  
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas  
'Cause once they got you locked up  
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up  
I'm convinced self-defense is the way  
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day  
I wish I would've known while I was out there  
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

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16 on Death Row, Death Row  
Death Row, Death Row  
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row

It's to all my partners  
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row

Writer(s): T Shakur

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